Dear Beth,

Didn't get a letter in the morning mail today as I was not here. Hope that by putting this in for the afternoon pick-up that you may get it without missing a day.

Jack Fletcher and I went down to N&N yesterday to observe a small clandestine operation staged out of there. Jim Mac came up yesterday and picked us up. We had dinner there, had a little sleep and spent most of the night doing our business. As in the case of most things of this type, they are intriguing of concept because of their great secrecy, but in the actual operation most mundane and ordinary. Anything went well and we were back in N&N by about 9. Spent the rest of the morning discussing some miscellaneous problems with them and then came back to Saigon, about...
Didn't go to the office as I wanted to try and get a map, but I am unable to get to sleep.

My shoes came just before I left yesterday - I haven't been able to try them on yet, but I am sure they will be ok if they are 9B - that last in those shoes is just right for me.

It makes me ill to go down in the delta and see those medically tested stripes in this jolly interesting occupational job, which I know I could do much better. I could really do some good down there if I had a chance, but also because of my intelligence "background" if it can be called that, I'm destined instead to be a goddamn peasant for the army pubs.

I certainly am paying dear for my time in Paris. But I shall pay an extra $2 on design before I'll work for the army again unless I choose my own job.

One of these should be coming the first day of the Boy Scout Jamboree card.
just put it away somewhere when it does—don't read it.

Are you all putting some Silso in the can once in a while? If you are having Tom do it, you ought to watch him. It's easy to spill out of that gallon can, and it's quite cheap.

Will write some more tomorrow. You will probably miss a day getting a letter, but I hope it will be Sunday.

Love,

[Signature]